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EDWARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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{ TERMS.—FOR THREE TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1553.

Original Poetry.

"THERE IS A SKELETON IN EVERY ONE'S CLOSET."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following lines were found among the papers copied of a lady who, it was said, died of "consumption" a few years ago. It has since been ascertained, that a business error was committed by a heartless husband and her family, the knowledge of which brought on the decline of which she died.]

I could not believe it—some year ago my cheek was pure and bright,
I seemed a pretty sensitive mark, and fearlessly every sight;
And I said in my heart, that saying did can never apply to me,
For only skeletons live can hide where all is light and free.

When the day was clouded, or when it was clear, my house was ever gay,
I could meet my friends with a happy smile, and cheerfully pass the day;
I would bid them come to my private room, and tell them with laughing air,
To "peep in my closet," and they would reply, "No skeleton lurketh there!"

But, ah! one peaceful Sabbath morn—with forebodings light and free,
I entered my closet, and there beheld a skeleton grinning at me!
It rioted without warning and there it stands, and there it must ever stay,
No flesh or bone has placed a cover, but I cannot take away.

It has hushed my song, it has disarmed every eye, it is wearing my life away;
I cannot look from my veiled, it is haunting me night and day;
'Tis a fearful secret to whom mine mind knew—to-day—to-morrow—and yesterday—
And I've closed the door, that none may see that skeleton standing there!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RENNYMEDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Hervey thanked him, and inquired, with a composed manner, if he had just left Magdalene.

Lord Clifo replied in the affirmative.

"How then she bore the first day of last week? how seems she now ?"

"Still better, and recruiting daily. Her voice this morning was much stronger than it was the first day of my arrival."

"She has not been agitated or your arrival yet, sir?"

"No, though to-day—even now—she was very near discovering it, very unexpectedly," said Lord Clifo related to him all that had occurred.

Theodore remained in silent thought a little while, and then said,

"Lord Clifo, I will see Magdalene this afternoon, and judge of her composure. If I think it safe, I will cautiously apprise her of your presence in the house. It is better that it should be done as soon as possible. Every day of double discovery, in her critical state, would inevitably be fatal, and of such a shock she is in a continual danger while you watch her sleep. When once she knows that you are here, we have nothing more to fear, and may set her mind at perfectly at rest, most recovery health and strength with great celerity. I can scarcely believe, however, it possible having been so very near her for a week without her being in some measure aware of it, or to have without great surprise of your presence in the house. How can you imagine without being a convert to the belief in the occult connection of sympathetic souls? Yes! if her state will possibly permit it, I must tell her this afternoon."

"I thank you, Hervey! that is my desire! Yet I should not have asked it of you to-day."

Theodore smiled a sad smile—that said so plain as the words could speak—"The bitterness of death—hope's death, is already past! I have nothing now to suffer!"

Both were silent for a few minutes, and then Mr. Hervey requested, "You! I will, if possible, tell her to-day—and then as much as may be after that—"

"You will to-morrow, sir, by the ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

Again silence fell between them, and then Mr. Hervey continued, "I had this day a little while before him, gathered up some letters and papers that lay scattered there, and said—

"I have letters of equally interest and importance, from Judge Washington—perhaps your lordship has received similar communications?"

"No, I have not seen Judge Washington, nor Judge Washington—perhaps your lordship has received similar communications?"

"I did think that you must hear from his soon, on very important business."

"I am not sure that Judge Washington is aware of my present address."

Mr. Hervey looked surprised at this observation, but made no comment.

"As you alluded to his interest and in possession of the Judge's communications, and blended his name with your own, I presume, may I be permitted to inquire into their nature?"

"Certainly, Judge Washington writes me that the affairs of Lady Lansdale are in a prosperous state, was about in reply to my communications one morning Magdalene, by fostering kither in private, the more especially as by the will of her grandfather, General Mornaday, she was left the sole heiress of his estates, and no himself appointed executor. But there are one or two questions that he was about to set out for the North, he received sudden intelligence of the arrest of the supposed assistant of piracy lordship in the vicinity of Pragstaff Hall, which has called him in haste to that neighborhood. I presume, sir, that a reason as your address is known to your friends, you will be called to appear and identify the man. If you have not already been summoned—"

"No, I regret, I have heard nothing from Judge Washington, or from any one else in Virginia. This is my first knowledge of the arrest. I, myself, however, am fully impressed with the idea that my sassafras was a medicine. Still, I am certain, will, upon investigation, prove to be the truth. Has any new light been thrown upon this dark subject by the arrest? Does Judge Washington say so?"

Theodore Hervey changed color, and replied in a low and solemn voice,

"Yes. A very fearful light has been thrown upon a most darker and deeper crime long unsuspected in mystery, a crime so black and so atrocious—"

"I am so glad to see you up at last, my dear Magdalene! Is this the first time you have been in the parlor?" and as he asked this question, he drew a chair to her side, and seated himself in it.

"No—yesterday I arose for the first time, and sat up an hour in the forenoon—this morning I sat up an hour, and I am [illegible] now for the second time to-day. To-morrow I hope to be able to sit up all day. Dear friend, I am getting well fast. But yet, Theodore!—you have been ill! Your looks show that, indeed! What has been the matter?—and how are you now? Quite restored, I hope?"

Magdalene spoke in a low, slow, even voice, without so the slight indulge in with vivacity.

They then passed a moment, with his hand before his brow, and then replied,

"My head has been affected—I am better now. But we will talk of yourself, dear Magdalene; how have you been employed since by your sick room during the week or my absence?"

A strange smile passed over Magdalene's countenance—she passed her hand before her eyes, and replied, slowly,

"In reveries, dreams, visions."

"Your childhood's habits recurring, Magdalene?"

"No, not exactly. Yet those childhood's visions and superstitions—great God! how they have had been fulfilled!" exclaimed she, aloud, darting, and turning paler than before.

"What do you say, Magdalene?"

"Nothing! I mean—I am confused!—something died I will tell you, perhaps, some day.—Yes! I can bear it—even I can bear it! But, Theodore, I believe in presentiments—though not as the credulous generally accept them."

"Here, dear Magdalene!"

"I believe that some orders of mind in some of their own peculiar phases, have the power of perceiving—vaguely, it may be—mystically, it may be—as through a glass darkly, the shadows of the mighty things in the far off future. I think that these sudden shades of indefinable melancholy, that overcome us like a summon cloud, may indeed be cast by something in the unknown and distant future. But, in this respect, my faith in presentiments differs from that of others. I think they arise so seemingly, not so prophetic. They do not indicate an irrevers. ible, but a dark point and dangers in the uncertain future—dangers that we may pray against and strive against—dangers that God may avert. You will smile that I should be reasoning upon that which is commonly regarded as the wayward superstition—so, however, I never did regard it. I have always looked upon it as a mere refined and certain perception of undeveloped circumstances, not as the prophecies of predestined, unavoiding fate. All my childhood's years, Theodore, were darkened by a fearful presentiment—arising, I think, from a profound, inherent, unconscious, self-knowledge—this is prophecy—and oh! my God! how nearly it had been fulfilled! The shadow of the cloud that has since broken over my head! But the storm has passed—the darkness past! is over!"

She paused from weariness or thoughtfulness, while Theodore held her hand and watched her countenance. But the momentary examination was satisfactory; he saw that she was, indeed, quite strong enough—he thought that she might soon bear to hear the communications he had to make; but to win her away from the grave, even for a time, seemed still impossible to him.

"You say your lonely reveries and dreams of the past week have been unlike those of your childhood? I think, dear Magdalene, you misunderstood, they have been more pleasant."

Magdalene raised her eyes to his with a smile, and said,

"Yes! I will even tell you all about it. Do you remember, dear friend, that I have been the victim of an *optical illusion?* And one of so agreeable a nature, that, like a pleasant dream, it called a succession of pleasant dreams, in effect upon me has been restorative?"

Theodore started, a light of the truth concerning optical illusion flashed across his mind. Magdalene, watching him, continued,

"Yes—is it not singular? I suppose it is no long long time, but in the course of my sorrow, that has caused this pleasant illusion.—for it is, oh, very, very satisfying, though it is but an illusion.

"Well, dear Magdalene?"

"I am going to tell you. I had a friend—a very dear friend—a bosom friend—another self—all! I have not unhappy feud with this friend of mine—that never separate to again and forever?" And shaking sobs again arrested her further speech.

I know not what dark suspicion crossed the mind of her lover it was not the slightest for a moment—but he was startled by the sudden change of countenance changed, but he governed himself, and replied—

"Magdalene! do not speak another word until you are more composed."

"Yes! yes! I must, for until you set upon my knees the idea of forgiveness of this love, I can never other life know!" And in impassioned and agonized tones, she poured out the whole fearful story—wished her and her husband much happiness.

Mr. Carey next came up, and shaking hands with Magdalene, congratulated her upon her recovery.

They then sat down, and conversation was resuming general, when the chamber-bell rang to call Mr. Hervey down to her room, to receive her luggage had been carried, in order that she might change her dress. Magdalene, at Virginia's desire, accompanied her friend down stairs.

When they were gone, Judge Washington requested the latter of a private interview with Lord Clifo, and the two gentlemen withdrew to another room. Then Judge Washington informed his lordship that the object of his errand to Boston had been, not only to bring Lord Clifo to Prospect Plains, but also to entreat Lord Clifo to come immediately to the same place, in order that he might be in readiness to identify the man who had been arrested on the suspicion of having assaulted him, and who was then in the county jail. Finally, he begged to know, in the event of his lordship's agreeing to the proposed visit, how soon he could conveniently set out for Virginia.

Lord Clifo replied that he himself would be ready at any time, but that he must consult the wishes of his wife, whose very recent recovery might not be sufficiently confirmed to admit of her immediately taking so long and fatiguing a journey.

In the meantime—while Judge Washington and Lord Clifo were engaged—Virginia, Magdalene and Magdalene and Virginia were seen sent in another—though Carey and Theodore Hervey were renewing their intimacy in the parlor. Theodore Hervey had always looked pale and sickly, and now, in addition to his former ills, he only excited no surprise in the mind of his friend, who was too happily engaged in his own beautiful wife to ever observe anything else, much less to cause of distress was suspected. So Joseph Carey indeed Theodore Hervey with unconscious pain, prayer, and cool reflection, before we speak again, upon this subject, for how to come to say [illegible].

Here their fonder conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Virginia and Magdalene, who were soon also joined by Judge Washington and Lord Clifo.

Virginia had already informed her sister of the proposition of Judge Washington, and though now his eldest as the grandeur of his adopted daughter and ward was represented by the highest and strange claims of another to that title, yet the had on it! No one as had a drop o' the same blood as I have in their veins could 'a been such a—ah! such a—I should a been other name to had enough! Sometimes I doubts he was a human at all. Sometimes I thinks he must 'a been an evil spirit in the body of a man."

"That you may speak upon it as you, Cuzzi All of us is either good spirits, or bad spirits, or just indefinal spirits in the human form at last, and no mi'ste either—you, I and Virginia, Lord Clifo, Magdalene and Theodore Hervey, entered the house, and were received by Carol in her capacity of housekeeper, who, with one of the maids, stood in readiness to attend the ladies to their chambers, to change their travelling habits. Peter rendered the same service to the gentlemen.

In an hour after they were all assembled around the supper-table.

Their day's journey had been a short one, so that they were not much fatigued, and the meal passed upon comment of fatigue, and the long evening was passed very pleasantly in the parlor.

It was not until the next morning, when breakfast, that Judge Washington, as he sat in his arm-chair, looked for Adam Hawk, and inquired for him. Peter replied that he had departed in haste to Mr. Lansdale the day before. While still lingering into the subject, Peter added that Adam Hawk had left a letter at the door, and in compliance with his verbal permission to come in," Judge Washington directed the servant to bring it to him. Peter obeyed, and handed the letter. Judge Washington immediately broke the seal, and looked the letter. Judge Washington, after a few moments' perusal of the letter, requested the immediate presence of Lord Clifo, Mr. Carey and Mr. Hervey. When these gentlemen had assembled, he read aloud the letter, and taking from the table by his side a written and folded paper, he said,

"Gentlemen, I have rendered your presence here, this morning, for the purpose of making known to you a plot of the most diabolical nature, has relieved us all of a heavy and most painful responsibility. Gentlemen, the prisoner, Adam Hawk, has escaped from jail. Yes, gentlemen, that enemy of society has succeeded in his attempt to answer the charge of assault and battery, with intent to murder, preferred against him by me, and three more intense crimes of longer standing date—has been to-day arrested before a magistrate, and committed to prison, and is now

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVIII.

[illegible]

... had ripened into a mutual, deep, and lasting esteem and affection, and that they had been recently married, and were to go out to India in the Spring. That Helen having attained robust health, and being superseded in her office of consoler to her brother, had at last rewarded the long and faithful attachment of Burke Shield. They lived with the old people at the parsonage. They were present at the ball to meet Lord and Lady Cliffe, who had just arrived from England on a visit. That Lord and Lady Cliffe would spend the Autumn, Winter, and Spring, at Prospect Plains. That in the early part of the Summer, they would sail for England.

"And," added Gimsie, in conclusion, "we are all going with them, to be present at the World's Fair—with the Lord's blessing."

THE END.

Miscellaneous.

GEORGIA.

BY HENRY R. JACKSON.

Ye citizens of Georgia!
 Ye have a noble State,
And blest with every element
 To make a people great.
She stretches from the mountain,
 Through every varied clime,
To where the hoar old ocean
 Makes melancholy chime.

From an outgushing bosom,
 Your wants she well supplies,
Her generous soil beneath your feet;
 Above—her generous skies.
There is no trace of beauty
 You find not on her brow,
With her hills, and floods, and forests
 And her fields of mimic snow.

Look forth upon her surface!
 Could you ask a brighter home?
Yet her life is in its morning still,
 Her noon is still to come.
Within her breast are treasures
 More precious far than gold;
She needs but zealous spirits,
 Her riches to unfold.

Then why should you desert her?
 Oh! where in South or West,
Can you meet a sweeter realm of earth,
 More generously blest?
Not in the wild adventure,
 Nor in the restless mind,
Does the exile and the rover
 A true contentment find.

All broad may be the forests,
 All bright may be the streams;
The sun amid the Western skies
 May shine with golden beams;
And yet in vain ye'll wander;
 Ye cannot all forget
That you were born of Georgia,
 And she your mother yet!

Then, citizens of Georgia!
 To the loom, the plough and hoe!
Let the din of toil be loud and long!
 'Tis all that's wanting now.
The hand of earnest labor
 Can make your noble State,
What Nature has designed her—
 Rich, beautiful, and great.

THE FIRST OF THE GHOSTS.

Athenagoras was an Athenian philosopher, who flourished during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. For a short period he held the Platonic Professorship in the Alexandrian Museum, but being converted from Paganism, he resigned the situation and became an open and zealous teacher of Christianity. He was one of the first of the men of learning who joined the new religion, and his principal work, addressed to the Emperor, is an apology for the Christians, in which he defends the resurrection of the dead, and the unity of the Deity, the two points chiefly attacked by the Pagans. For the following incident of his life, we are indebted to a Munich Chronicle, ...

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as upon the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude, in the present number, the deeply interesting Novelet of "Virginia and Magdalene." The reader will be pleased to find that all ends as happily as a "marriage bell." This completes a trio of works—"The Deserted Wife," "Shenandoah," and "The Foster Sisters,"—published by us within the last eighteen or twenty months, the equals of which, we think, have never appeared originally in any American paper.

The next of our Novelets which we expect to publish, is

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS,

BY C. W. WEBBER,

AUTHOR OF THE SHOT IN THE EYE, &c.

We shall commence Mr. Webber's Novelet, probably in the course of a few weeks. It will run through only two or three papers.—This will be a good opportunity for the few "outsiders" who have not yet enrolled themselves as subscribers to the Post, to send on their names, with the money. As the reading matter we lay before our readers, does them, at the very lowest estimation, five dollars' worth of good a year, it is easy to calculate how many dollars a man must inevitably make by taking the paper.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Truly, a new age of mysteries is dawning, or, perhaps, darkening upon us. The world had just dismissed, as it thought, forever, all notions of witchcraft, of apparitions—it had just cleverly decided that those were all silly delusions, not even worthy of the examination of grown men—when, presto! here they begin to flow back upon us again, puzzling and bewildering some of the foremost intellects of the age.

The last new wonder is a French gentleman named Gandon, who, with his nephew, a lad of sixteen, has recently arrived in New York. Our information of him is derived through the editors of the Home Journal, and M. de Trobriand, one of the editors of the Courrier des Etats Unis. His performances are as follows—we quote the Home Journal:

That one mind can be divided and inhabit two bodies—one body knowing, at least, everything that the eyes of the other body see—we saw proved incontestibly, and to our great astonishment, yesterday. At one end of a room, forty feet long, we wrote, at a desk, with Monsieur Gandon looking over us. The nephew of this gentleman stood with his back to us, at the other end of the room, forty feet off, and without his uncle's turning towards him or speaking a word, *read what we wrote.* We tried it with words and arithmetical figures, and with chance-opened passages of books on the table. We tried it with a wall between. All that one saw, the other instantly read. There is to be a public exhibition of this unexplained phenomenon, and no person of ordinary curiosity will fail to go and see its experiments.

M. de Trobriand says the experiments are performed "without a possibility of physical communication, by word or gesture, between the two;—before a thousand witnesses, as well as one,—on the stage—in the street—in the private parlor,—any where, in short, and at all times, without notice or preparation. The same writer says:

Do not ask me what it is, for I know nothing of it,—ask not an explanation, for it cannot be explained. I can only say that every thing the uncle touches, sees, hears or knows, the nephew touches, sees, hears and knows. The communication is instantaneous. Write whatever you please, and in whatever language you please. Collect figures to any extent, name objects the most unusual, present to the touch articles the most foreign to common use, and make the experiment as difficult or impossible as you can, there will still be no hesitation, no failure of the result. It seems, indeed, as if one soul was common to the two bodies.

Monsieur Gandon, it is stated, was formerly an officer of the French army in Africa, and left the service in consequence of his possession of this mysterious power. Before coming to the United States, he travelled with his nephew through France and Belgium, surprising not only the curious multitude, but all the savans who witnessed his experiments. His marvellous faculty is said not to have the slightest connection with Animal Magnetism; on the contrary, it is averred that there is a strange antagonism between them. The most successful magnetizers are generally unable to put their subjects to sleep in his presence. We quote from M. de Trobriand:

He seems to possess the power of neutralizing or exercising the magnetic influence, and his mere presence throws a clairvoyant into indescribable terror. At Brussels, a lady of high rank and great intelligence, wished to have a clairvoyant questioned as to the nature of his power. She asked his consent—he gave it—and a Catholic clergyman put the daughter of the lady into a magnetic slumber, as he had often done before for experiments in clairvoyance. The moment the sleeper was requested to place herself in spirit-communication with the stranger, she was seized apparently with uncontrollable fear, fell into violent convulsions, bade him begone, with loud and delirious screams, and so agitated and terrified M. Gandon himself that he quitted the house without farther pursuance of the experiment.

On arriving at his hotel, overwhelmed with what was a complete mystery to himself as well as to others, it occurred to him to make a trial of his power over the mind of the other, even when separated. With a strong effort, he concentrated his thoughts, and willed that she should rise and go into the garden which he had seen attached to the house she resided in. The day following, he called to make inquiries, and was informed, that, after his departure, she had remained convulsed by spasms for fifteen or twenty minutes, but that she had suddenly arisen and walked to the garden, where the agitation seemed to cease, and she had been led thence to her room, without further symptoms. Questioned, afterwards, as to what she saw terrible in the stranger, the young lady stated that *he had appeared to her enveloped in flames!*

* * * * * *

The possession of this singular power, seems to have been as much a surprise and mystery to Mr. Gandon, as to any one else. One or two instances of his own first experiences are given. He had left Marseilles to give an exhibition at Toulon, leaving an order at the Hotel where he had been staying, to receive and reserve any letters which might be addressed to him there. Arrived at Toulon, he was lying on a sofa, reading, after dinner, when he suddenly saw a sealed letter on the page of the book. Rising and walking about, to be sure that he was not the subject of some passing illusion, he again opened the book, and saw an unfolded letter, in which was written the announcement that his wife was dangerously ill. He made these phenomena known to persons of respectability, postponed the intended lecture, and left immediately for Marseilles, where he found a sealed letter waiting for him, precisely like the one of which he had seen a vision, and containing precisely the words he had before read. He hastened to Paris, and arrived only in time to see his wife a few minutes before her death.

Such is the very singular account given by the gentlemen to whom we have referred as our authorities in this matter. If it be a trick, it must be a very adroitly played one. It is equal to any of the feats of Eastern jugglery, which have so long puzzled the world. If it be not a mere trick, if the same thought can be instantaneously transmitted from one mind to the other without any audible or visible means, it becomes one of the most curious of those questions which have puzzled the wise men of this, in its own eyes, exceedingly wise generation.

ISINGLASS is often grossly adulterated. Twenty-five per cent. of gelatine has been found in it.

THE CUBAN INVASION.

The U. S. officers have been on the alert at New York and other places, and find plenty of "rumors" and alarms, and some invaders. It is not doubted now, that an invasion was, perhaps even is still, contemplated. The Washington Telegraph says the expedition was to be headed by Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, of Georgia, and a Cuban General, of [illegible]. It is said, also, that Gen. Towns, of Georgia, is identified with the expedition. Lamar is, we believe, a very able, daring and enterprising man. If he is engaged in any such "will-goose chase," he will probably need all his ability, daring and enterprise, and a little more. The chance of success is about one in a thousand—the chance of being shot, if they do not succeed, is about one in three. A man ought to be very certain that he is enlisting in the "holy cause of liberty," before he encounters the perils of so hazardous an expedition.

The Cleopatra, an old hulk of a steamship, has been detained on suspicion at New York. No fire-arms were found on board of her, though she was well supplied with provisions. There were also a large number of water casks on board, but they were empty. It is argued that none but desperate men, bound on a desperate undertaking, would ever put to sea in such a crazy affair—and, therefore, that she must be in the pay of the invaders. She has been taken possession of by the Government.

A party of suspicious looking men, generally foreigners, having congregated at South Amboy, a New York German police officer disguised himself as an emigrant, and by mingling with them, obtained the names of their leaders and employers in New York. Six of the principal gentlemen were then arrested, as follows:—John L. O'Sullivan, (formerly editor of the Democratic Review,) Wm. T. Rogers, Jr., (nephew of Dr. Rogers,) Captain Lewis, captain of the steamboat Cleopatra, and formerly captain of the Creole in the former expedition; Major Louis Schlesinger, one of the Hungarian patriots; Dr. Daniel H. Burnett, an old resident of New York; and Pedro Sanchez, a Spaniard. They were held to bail in the sum of $3,000 each—Captain Lewis and Major Schlesinger not being able to obtain bail, were sent to prison.

From Washington we learn that Government has information that large numbers of adventurers are assembling at Mobile, Apalachicola, Savannah and other Southern cities, preparing to join in the enterprise. Among these are said to be numerous Hungarian refugees.

The Spanish Minister is said to have had a long interview with the President, relative to preventing the departure of any body of invaders. The vessels of the Home Squadron have been ordered to cruise in such a way, as to render any attempt to reach Cuba almost impossible; the Saranac is at Pensacola, and the Germantown at Havana.

The President has issued the following Proclamation:

Proclamation of the President of the U. S.

WASHINGTON, April 25, 1851.

Whereas there is reason to believe that a military expedition is about to be fitted out in the United States, with the intention of invading the Island of Cuba, a Colony of Spain, with which this country is at peace, and whereas it is believed that this expedition is instigated and set on foot by foreigners, who dare to make our shores the scene of their guilty and hostile preparations against a friendly power, and seek by falsehood and misrepresentation to seduce our own citizens, especially the young and inconsiderate, into their wicked schemes, an ungrateful return for the benefits conferred on them by this people in permitting them to make our country an asylum from oppression, and in flagrant abuse of the hospitality thus extended to them. And whereas, such expeditions can only be regarded as adventures for plunder and robbery, and must meet the condemnation of the civilized world, whilst they are derogatory to the character of our country, in violation of the laws of nations, and expressly prohibited by our own—our statutes declare that if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin or set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for any military expedition or enterprise to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominion of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people with whom the United States are at peace, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not more than three years.

Now, therefore, I have issued this, my proclamation, warning all persons who shall connect themselves with any such enterprise or expedition, in violation of our laws and national obligations, that they will thereby subject themselves to the heavy penalties denounced against such offences, and will forfeit their claim to the protection of this Government or any interference in their behalf, no matter to what extremities they may be reduced in consequence of their illegal conduct; and therefore I exhort all good citizens, as they regard our national reputation—as they respect their own laws, and the laws of nations—as they value the blessings of peace, and the welfare of their country, to discountenance, and by all lawful means, prevent any such enterprise; and I call upon every officer of this Government, Civil or Military, to use all efforts in his power to arrest for trial and punishment every such offender against the laws of the country.

Given under my hand, the twenty-fifth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and the seventy-fifth of the independence of the United States.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

By the President.

W. S. DERRICK, Acting Secretary of State.

While we esteem it the bounden duty of the President to issue a Proclamation in all such cases of contemplated infractions of the laws of the United States, we must take exception to one passage of the above. We do not believe, for one, that "*such expeditions can only be regarded as adventures for plunder and robbery.*"—And we think it would have been more wise for the President to have confined himself to the simple declarations, that all such proposed expeditions were contrary to law, that therefore he would use his best efforts to prevent them, that persons who engaged in them placed themselves out of the protection of the American Government, and that all good citizens were called upon to discountenance and expose them. For, as to the abstract right of such enterprises, it depends entirely upon circumstances. Lafayette violated the laws of France to bring assistance to the revolted thirteen American colonies, and many of our citizens gave their aid to Greece against Turkey, and to the South American revolutionists against Spain. That the Cubans have a right to throw off the yoke of Spain is just as clear as that Mexico had, or as that we had a right to rid ourselves of the dominion of Great Britain. But do the Cubans wish to do this? That is the question, the settlement of which, one way or the other, greatly affects the moral rightfulness of the proposed expedition.—That the parties engaged in this movement believe that the people of Cuba are anxious to establish their independence, and rid themselves of the oppressive burdens of Spanish taxation, we are almost compelled to believe—for nothing but this, saves them from the character of madmen. Therefore, unless the President has received information of a very definite character, to warrant his charges, we must regret that he has used language apparently founded upon a momentary forgetfulness of the great American doctrine, that every people have a right to choose their own rulers—especially where a distance of three thousand miles divides the governed from the governors.

We may state, in conclusion, that the advices from Cuba relative to the feelings of the people, are contradictory. Probably the Creoles greatly desire, and the native Spaniards are as greatly opposed to, a revolution. An individual had been condemned to death for bribing a pilot to assist the landing of Lopez. The troops were sleeping on their arms, and one steamer kept up steam continually.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

The Cincinnati Nonpareil informs us that a scientific gentleman of that city, has, within the last six weeks, at various times, produced animal life, solely from the action of certain chemical preparations on each other, in such a manner as leads him to the conclusion that a more perfectly developed process, aided by further scientific discoveries, will produce results miraculously astounding to the world. The specimens of life, produced as above, did not exist more than twenty-four hours in either instance; but the simple fact of this life-power being thus manifested and attested, as it is, by the personal examination of five or six eminent physicians, may lead to something of which we have yet no conception, and to which the whole world of science, as at present, may look forward with awe and amazement.

Alfred Smee announces in London a new piece of mechanism, by which he can show the relation of any number of facts or principles, inductively and deductively, and thus perform, mechanically, what has hitherto been thought to be the province of the mind alone.

To produce animal life, and to make mechanism think, are two things which mortal man will never succeed in doing. That, in the first of the above cases, germs containing life may have been quickened into growth by chemical causes, is possible. That, in the second case, facts and principles may be evolved according to an order of succession determined upon beforehand, is very probable. The famous "Calculating Machine" performs processes analogous to that. But no power of invention can confer upon matter the attributes of mind. Automatons may be constructed to play chess, if room be allowed for a man inside—or to perform certain pieces of music. But if matter could be made to think and move of itself, then it would no longer be matter, but spirit.

BLOOD'S DESPATCH POST.—This most convenient means of transport for letters has more than three hundred box stations, from which are four deliveries daily to the post-office, and three deliveries daily throughout the city, at the low price of one cent for each letter, pre-paid.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

[illegible]

Among our old favorites we were glad to see again the Roman Aqueduct at Alcala, which never tires the eye of one who has taste to enjoy its exquisite truth to nature. [illegible] Judith and Holofernes, by C. Jacobs, is a good picture, with one exception.—The drapery of Judith is too loosely arranged—there is too much exposure of her person, to give a true idea of her exalted character. The severe modesty of the noble Jewish woman, the heroic champion of her people, demands a strictly decorous style of dress. The painter has no right to indulge his love of beauty by the display of personal charms, at a sacrifice of delicacy which the story gives us no warrant to presume was ever conceded.

In the Statue Gallery, conspicuously placed, as its choicest treasure should be, is Steinhauser's master-piece, Hero and Leander. We regularly rejoice that this noble work of art is in possession of the Academy, that we may gladden our eyes by looking upon it at least once a year, and refresh our hearts by a new communion with the living spirit of intense affection that goes out from it like a low, perpetual song. It is a love-poem in everlasting stone, an exquisite embodiment of the purest, sweetest, loftiest human love. The statue of Lavinia, by B. E. Spence, is a very pretty representation of a graceful and modest young maiden. The readers of Thompson's Seasons will remember the story beginning

"The lovely, young Lavinia once had friends."

After going the round of the galleries, we like to seat ourselves opposite to West's great picture, not to take our fill of horrors by gazing upon the Pale Horse and his fearful Rider, though we always acknowledge that awful vision of the King of Terrors a master-stroke of art; but to breathe in rest and peace by contemplating that sublime representation of the all mighty Power of Love—the Rider on the White Horse, going forth "conquering and to conquer." It is Peace emerging out of strife—grace and beauty and divine power victorious amidst all imaginable shapes of horror. Turning from all else in the picture, as we turn from the miseries and distractions of life, we find rest in that image of Christ, the Redeemer, in whom dwells the fullness of all consolation.

WESTERN OUTLAWS.

We have had from Green, the Reformed Gambler, and other Western men, tales of large and organized bodies of desperadoes, engaged in counterfeiting, horse-stealing, and other crimes, and composed of men in all classes of society, from the Judge on the bench, to the notorious black-leg. We have always heard these stories with some incredulity—at least as to the number of such villainous combinations. But the recent exposure and arrest of a gang of this kind, in Jackson County, Michigan, is calculated to lessen one's faith in the general honesty of his fellow men, and lead him to suspect that such organizations may be much more common than is usually supposed. The following is the account of the detection of this infamous band of scoundrels, as it appears in the Detroit Daily Tribune, and which we publish at length on account of its great interest, notwithstanding it may have been already seen by a number of our subscribers:

Our readers will remember that for the last year or two the Central Railroad Company have been constantly annoyed along their line by persons, whose sole occupation seemed to be the placing of obstructions on the road and otherwise destroying the property of the company. At one time so systematic had their work of destruction become, that the Railroad Company were induced to employ a couple of shrewd persons, whose duty it should be to travel along the line and detect the offenders. But so well organized were the band, that for eighteen months they eluded the most persevering inquiries. Some four weeks ago, however, one of the persons employed by the company, obtained an inkling of the organization, and by adroit management succeeded in working himself into the confidence of the initiated.

But before they would trust him to any considerable extent, it was required, as proof of his allegiance, that he should fire the depot at Niles, on a certain night; provided it was not previously done by an individual from this city, who was to be sent on for that purpose.

The night came, and to ward off suspicion or betrayal, as well as to secure the full confidence of the gang, the depot was fired, all necessary precautions having been made to avert any serious damage to the buildings.

The news that the depot at Niles had been set on fire, but fortunately discovered in time to prevent its destruction, at once gave to the new recruit the fullest confidence of the gang, and he was forthwith admitted to the most secret councils of the leading desperadoes. Counterfeiting, horse-stealing, incendiaries, burglary, robbery, and the smallest petty larcenies were the sworn objects of this monstrous organization. One of their designs was to blow up the track and cars by an ingeniously contrived torpedo, so arranged as to be fired by the locomotive, and to explode while the passenger cars should be over it. The informant continued to act with them until he had procured the names of thirty or forty of the conspirators, their places of residence, &c., which were principally in Leona Centre, Jackson, and this city.

Before plans had been matured for their arrest, the notorious Joe Dowe, who, it is said, was the general of the gang, was taken from this city to Pittsburg on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and the command of the gang fell upon one C. D. Williams, then in this city, but a resident of New York. He, it is ascertained, was to leave Detroit for Buffalo, on Thursday night, and as his arrest at that time would be the signal for a general dispersion of his accomplices, it was determined to let him proceed, while an officer, furnished with the requisite papers, should accompany him and make the arrest during the passage, thus giving time to perfect a capture of his companions in this State.

That arrest was made by Wm. H. Goodnow, of the Custom-House, who was acting as U. S. Marshal, and Williams was brought back to Detroit on Saturday night. On his way up, he requested Mr. Goodnow to mail a letter for him at Detroit upon his arrival, which Mr. G. consented to do, but upon reaching the prison, Williams informed him that it was not then necessary, as the gentleman to whom he had written had also become an inmate under the same roof.

On Friday night, the time it had been agreed upon to make the arrests in the interior, an extra train of cars was sent out from this city, with a large number of officers and assistants, and, such were the arrangements carried out, by leaving squads along the line, that, at Leona, Michigan, Centre and Jackson, thirty-three men were arrested simultaneously, about daybreak on Saturday morning, and brought in and lodged in jail.

Among the prisoners are *three Justices of the Peace, five Physicians, one Judge, and four Constables,* the latter belonging to the township of Leona, *not an officer of which, from supervisor down to poolmaster, but is said to be implicated.* We omit the names of the parties interested. In the house of one of them were found a variety of implements for burning buildings, and so constructed as to burn one hour or three days before setting fire to the building. By one of these machines it has been discovered that the depot of Detroit was fired last Fall, which resulted in the loss of one hundred thousand dollars worth of property.

The arrests were made on a writ from the U. S. Court, for stopping the mails, and for counterfeiting United States coin. The prisoners will probably be detained until the next session of the District Court.

In connection with the above account, we may state that the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger gives an account of the discovery of a den of robbers on an island in Beaver Lake, Jasper County, in that State. A Mr. Weiss, it is said, in pursuit of four horses which had been stolen from him, encountered the robbers, and, after having taken an oath of silence, was conducted to a large cave on the island, provided with supper, and then shown all the implements villains generally use for carrying out their designs—such as false keys, bank note presses, metal for making bogus money, &c. The next morning he was paid his own price for his horses, and for his trouble in coming after them, and he and his horses taken to the shore according to agreement. Mr. Weiss says there were over one hundred men in the gang—many of whom he knew—they had been residents of Jasper and adjoining counties, and had occupied high stations among the citizens. He states that there were about twenty-five women in the gang—the wives of some of the rascals. They had one hundred and thirty horses on the island, and they had just sent twenty-three out West in different directions."

This latter statement does not appear to be as well authenticated as the other, as it depends entirely upon the veracity of Mr. Weiss. We trust, however, that if there be any such gang, it will be rooted out by our Indiana friends. And when persons in office act, as they sometimes do, with a leniency towards notorious offenders which is perfectly incomprehensible to the community at large, it would be well for the people to keep their eyes open, in order to ascertain whether said Judge, Sheriff or Constable be not a partner in the crimes of him he has so mercifully dealt with.

THE RAPPERS.

Mrs. Swisshelm has been devoting a large portion of her time to an investigation of some knockings at or near Pittsburg, and this is her conclusion:

[illegible]

A friend of ours in this city, who has also been very much interested in these knockings, &c., and who is an intelligent and perfectly reliable man, says that Mrs. Swisshelm's receipt, as above, will not prevent the knockings that he has heard. He grants, however, that no reliance can be placed in the answers. Sometimes they are singularly correct, and at other times grossly inaccurate—proving, as we have contended all along, that if the knockers are spirits at all, they are a very ignorant and contemptible set, who attempt to pass themselves off on mankind for their betters.

We may add that we have always avoided a personal investigation of these matters, owing, somewhat, to a natural and involuntary dislike that we have to them, and somewhat to a half-defined fear that such attempted temperings with the spiritual world (granting that there be any fire at all where there is so much smoke) are morally unlawful.

LAW VS. JUSTICE.

Judge Grier, in a recent suit against the Reading Railroad Company, laid down the law as follows:

If a servant is entrusted with the command of a thing which may produce injury, the master is liable for his acts. If a servant who, for the day time, has command of his master's horses and carriage, commits a trespass with them, the master shall answer, though the servant had gone against his orders.

But if the servant, at an unusual time, take the carriage and horses, and go off with them on his own errand, the master will not be liable for his trespasses whilst thus acting without authority.

Therefore, we suppose, if a servant is entrusted by his master with a spade to dig up the garden, and said servant gets into an altercation with some other person's servant, and hits the latter over the head with said spade, the owner is to be held responsible for the damages.

Or, if a farmer entrusts his hired man with a butcher knife to kill a calf, and, through the man's carelessness, the knife slips, and another man is seriously injured, the farmer, being the employer, is responsible.

Our readers may laugh, but this is getting to be no laughing matter. In the case of corporations, it touches those whom few feel for; but when the above principle is applied to individuals, as it has been, as we have noticed by the papers, several times within the last few years, it works very unjustly and oppressively. A drayman or carter, through carelessness, injures some person; and not the person who did the injury, but his innocent *employer*, is punished, by heavy damages—and often when the said employer has acted in the most humane and benevolent manner towards the person injured. If the persons employed and called "servants" were really *servants*, there would then be more reason (though even then very little justice,) in holding the employer accountable. But, as the fact is, such persons are no more servants than your bookmaker, your tailor, or your grocer. They sell you certain services for a certain price—and, if they do things which you have not stipulated for them to do, with what justice can you be held accountable for such unlawful acts? As the idea of *servitude* is exploded in Pennsylvania and other Northern States, the construction of law to which we have alluded, and which is probably based upon that old idea, should also be blown to the winds. Or, at the least, its application should be strictly confined to Railroad and Steamboat Companies, in order to ensure the greatest degree of caution from those who are entrusted with the safety of large numbers of people, and not be tolerated as a general principle of law to be applied to companies and individuals alike.

DEATH OF BARRON.

Commodore Barron, senior captain of the navy, died at Norfolk, on the 21st ultimo, in the 83rd year of his age. Commodore Stewart is now senior captain.

The name of Commodore Barron is associated in the naval history of the United States with two unpleasant circumstances: The surrender of the Chesapeake, and the death of Decatur. All remember the incidents of the first—how Barron at first refused to surrender up certain seamen, demanded by the Commander of the British ship Leopard, how the latter then fired into the Chesapeake, killing and wounding 21 of her crew, and how the Chesapeake's flag was then struck, and the alleged fugitives surrendered—and all this in our own waters. We say all remember this event, as one of those flagrant wrongs of which the history of the world is full. We have no blame, especially at such a moment as this, for Commodore Barron's part in that affair. For whatever error he may have committed—and his friends say he showed only justifiable prudence under the circumstances—he doubtless suffered intensely.

As to his challenge of Decatur, we suppose this also was justifiable according to the absurd and unchristian code of honor which even still obtains. Decatur had spoken of him as a coward, and, in the duel which ensued, Decatur fell. This further incensed the public mind against Barron.

Ah, it is all of a piece, we greatly suspect,—wrong, war, duelling. It takes keen eyes to find a justification for either, in the teachings of our Saviour and His Apostles. It is curious to read how St. Paul positively boasts of the personal indignities that he had received, and which a man with a duelling spirit would think himself authorized to go to almost any length to avenge. The great Apostle to the *Gentiles*—that is to us, we suppose—says:

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one.

"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned," &c.

That makes *nine* times in all, that he was either whipped, beaten, or stoned. And yet he was a man of infinite *spirit*, too—probably of as much as most naval officers—or he would not have persevered through such insults and degradations. Degradations! pardon us, oh thou who "was not behind the very chief of the Apostles," for using such a word in connection with thy glorious name. To what heights of infinite perfection must thou not have attained, to be able to count all these stripes and beatings, as so many badges of honor, things to be boasted not ashamed of—as they were, and still are.

A curious train of thought this to slide into, when talking of naval officers. Our readers must excuse us.

OREGON.

Late advices from Oregon speak in high terms of the progress of that youthful territory. Society is said to be growing more moral and intelligent, and education is much encouraged.—Marriageable females are in great demand, and highly honored—the law giving a woman, in her own right, upon marriage, an equal quantity of land to what it gives her husband.

A HOAX.—A political despatch, purporting to be from Sir Henry Bulwer to Lord Palmerston, upon the condition of parties in this country, is said to be a "hoax." *Forgery* is a more appropriate name than "hoax" for the document in question.

CONVENTS.—The Chamber of Deputies of Piedmont, recently "took into consideration," by an immense majority, a Bill to Prevent Abuses of the Convent System.

BROWNSON'S LAST.

[illegible]

New Publications.

SERIALS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKET.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER DOOR AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Dorsey Venue Brewery, Penna.,
Wheat Bran, Fine Middlings, Ship Stuff, Wagon Chowder, 200 Heads Garlic, Labels, &c., &c., executed with despatch, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
SHARON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Heroines, we shall publish choice stories and select reading on the part of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible.

The Inez Haze, by T. S. Arthur.

The Belle of the Seasons, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Cap," &c.

The Widow Married, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Hunt in the Rye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, Miscellany, &c. With all the News, &c., &c., that can be given as of old.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news, generally is unimportant. The preparations for the World's Fair were rapidly progressing, and it was supposed all would be ready to open the exhibition at the time appointed, the 1st of May.

The Anti-Papal agitation still continued, the public banquet of Protestants was to be held in Edinburgh, the list of stewards comprising about two hundred and fifty of the first names in Scotland. Even a religious movement, it appears, cannot get along in Great Britain, without a nominal President, at least, of honorary rank, to give value to support it. The aborigines of this country always think their chiefs worth their tomahawks, the English always begin theirs with a grand ball.

A motion in Parliament to take into consideration the property-tax in Ireland, was defeated by 226 votes to 158 votes.

The benevolent Lord Ashley has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the encouragement of the conscientious by lodging their property for a big chance.

From a document, signed by every rector factor in New Orleans, except one, the crop is estimated at a little above two million bales, and vessels loading are already in complete readiness at board of cotton.

In France there is a new Ministry, which is so far (it is about one day old) supported by the Assembly.

In Germany, Prussia and Austria are "agreeing to disagree" as usual.

From Switzerland, Geneva letters say that the Government of that canton has declared itself ready to interfere the seventeen French refugees accused by the Federal Government. The English Charge d'Affaires at Berne had demanded to be informed of the passports delivered to emigrants proceeding to England.

FREE TRADE.

It appears that Cobden's "Trade Delegation" of London, or England, we are not exactly certain which, have not proceeded against the doctrine of Free Trade. They say:

We fearlessly assert, that the unrestricted foreign trade which has been built up during the last series of years encouraged by the Legislature of this kingdom, and generally acquiesced in with unusual satisfaction, is theoretically wrong, and unjust, its practical consequences have been most seriously injurious to the industrial classes, by compelling them to enter into the unequal, unfriendly and hopeless competition at home and abroad which is opposed to individual independence and happiness, and destructive to the happiness of the whole British Empire. We boldly call upon you to demand from any party that may hold the reins of office, a new policy, more conducive for native industry, against unfair competition, and that you will not support any Ministry that does not give a rational, practical and useful education to your children, based upon the true principle and prosperity of the Empire are impossible.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia Lying-in will be held in Sansom Street Meeting Hall, May the 6th, at 3½ o'clock. A Report of the Society for the past year will be read, and the female members are requested to attend the Meeting.

Females of every denomination who are interested in this work needed and benevolent institution are respectfully solicited to join.

HANNAH E. LONGSHORE,
11 Secretary.

Miscellaneous.

SIGNOR BLITZ.

The "Yankee Blade" tells the following good story, showing how Blitz once was imprisoned. The occurrence took place at a town in Connecticut:

The Signor, contrary to his usual custom, had consented to stop at this town on his route through New England, and the evening of his entertainment was the vestibule, when the Signor had a number of his assistants, and the "Peter," in the chimney, which was situated on one side of the hall, near the middle. The store-said boards or rather that of the smoke house in which his daily slice of bacon was cured, was situated over the hall, and an aperture in the main chimney at that point gave room for the pipe which led from the fire-place of the "hall room." He succeeded in capturing a large cat, and, not seemed himself in the smoke-house, just before the first of ventriloquism was to begin. When the Signor commenced operations, the cat was allowed him to converse with the imaginary inhabitant of that lines subject became interested, but when Blitz requested "Peter" to come down near the fire-place for a little familiar chat, the boarder's voice replied, that he would see him in a certain place of punishment first, "and even then he wouldn't."

Blitz was hardly able to conceal his astonishment at this reply, but the audience thought the magician was exhausting, and cheered him vociferously.

"Peter, come down, will you?"

"Inez ye in my house first. Nor my name isn't Peter, neither. He keeps the keys of rain-dom."

"What is your name?"

"I am Old Scratch."

Blitz started, but he had, and the audience thought he was getting rather jocular. Bits then took the cat "by the tail" and thinking he had better then to continue the talk.

"Are you Old Scratch, the fire king?"

"Yes."

"I would be happy to see Old Scratch here."

"Well, are you ready?"

"Yes, all ready."

The words had scarcely entered the chimney, when the big fore door was thrown open with a swing down, filling the magician's eyes with soot and his audience with inextinguishable laughter!

The cat had escaped, and there were no more loco-loco sessions, and he disappeared with a "cloud, and thunder," shortly afterwards, and was compelled to close the performance without finishing the last act.

Edward or Eather Rod Wayne.—A correspondent in Iowa, Hardin, writes that the human on the body of a child, nine years old, who died of his death in the following manner:—The deceased was playing in the road with other boys, and when, seeing some bright-red wafers lying before the door of an old shop, they tasted them, and then ate a number more. All the rats ever tasted 12, and the deceased, who had eaten more than the others, died. The waters contained lead, and the symptoms of the boys' illness were those which ordinarily follow poisoning by that metal. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," with an admonition to the tradesman from whose shop the wafers had been bought, to be more friendly empty.

☞ The shimmer of the tied of an orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees bear fruit with a pulpy rind and many seeds. The oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of aged trees, while the least palatable come from those in full vigor.

☞ There is, in every human countenance, either a history or a prophecy that must sadden, or, at least, soften, every reflecting observer.—Coleridge.

THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH RENDERED VISIBLE.

The experiment now being exhibited in Paris, by which the diurnal rotation of the earth is rendered palpable to the senses, is certainly one of the most remarkable of the modern verifications of Copernicus. At the centre of the dome of the Pantheon, a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended, so as to hang free to the floor of the building.

The experiment is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under, and connected with it, is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, on the circumference of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now it can be shown by the most elementary principles of mechanics that, supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion which we know it to possess, and to which explains the phenomena of day and night, &c., the plane in which this pendulum vibrates must remain fixed in space, while the earth, and all materials, strictly, the same direction during the whole day.

In this interval, however, the table over which the pendulum is suspended will continually change its position, and the wire will, in effect, so, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum does not revolve, the consequence is, that a line, drawn from the centre of the table to the circumference of the bottom of the ball, will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, so that in the course of a month, and that power were opened upon the table, the wire, formed by that object during twenty-four hours, would trace a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table, and the lines, from the centre to the circumference, would always form an angle with each other of fifteen degrees, being the twenty-fourth part of the circumference.

Now, this is rendered actually visible to the eye of the spectator by the following means, and in this remarkable experiment. The practised eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, can detect the motion of the meridian which the table has, in common with the earth, and the pendulum between the two successive vibrations.

It is, in fact, apparent, that the ball, or rather the direction of the wire by which it is held, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after the successive vibrations. This is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth.

It is true that, correctly speaking, the table does not turn round the ball, but the ball round the axis of the earth; nevertheless the effect of the motion relatively to the pendulum suspended over it, is the same as if, by a prodigious power, the earth were to be made to turn

Selected Poetry.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

THE SCHEIK AND THE CADI; OR, THE MODERN HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

[illegible]

Choice Extracts.

ROMANCE OF RASCALITY.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

A GREAT SWIMMER.

[illegible]

NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

[illegible]

A LIFE PICTURE.

[illegible]

Fashionable Amusements.

Act 3—Scene 5.

FINALE OF AN ITALIAN OPERA.

As probably very many of our readers have never seen an Italian Opera, we lay before them this week the above engraving, for the conception of which we are indebted to the genius of a New York contemporary. Those who are acquainted with the Italian Opera, will at once admit the faithfulness of the description which follows:

"Here we have a picture—a faithful, unexaggerated picture of the sufferings of Italian artists in their endeavor to do justice to Verdi's music.

"Look to the left and you see the basso, the paternal parent of the reclining lady to the right with the dagger in her hand, destroying his lungs and straining his visual organs in a vain endeavor to make his grief heard above the din of the orchestra. On the right is the tenor of the opera—it does not matter which of Verdi's operas this pictures a scene of, for the simple reason that nearly all Italian Operas are alike. He also is suffering amazingly and painfully, as all tenors of all Italian Operas have done from time immemorial—they always representing the lovers. In the foreground, at the extreme corner and to the left of the basso, is the villain, evidently, of the opera, who, even in his dying moments is trying his best to do justice to Verdi's gong-like compositions. And on the extreme right, in the corner, a-supporting of the heroine, you behold her confidante assisting in the general row. And in the back-ground there are the male and female choristers—lifting up their voices for their salaries."

Selected Articles.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND HIS AMAZONS.

Your readers have doubtless heard of the Kingdom of Dahomey, the great centre of the interior slave trade. Up to very recently, it was only known as being not only the great purveyor for the slave ships, but far the greatest of Western Africa, so far as effective power is concerned, though its monarch rules over a population of scarce two hundred thousand souls. His power is in the system of his Government—a military despotism—the strongest known form, where, as in his case, he rules over utterly untutored savages, who, like their antipodes, the peaceful Incas of South America, know no other God than their temporal sovereign. We had heard that the Prime Minister of Dahomey was the King's chief executioner; that his Ministers of State, one and all, were in the habit of rolling their faces in dust and rubbing their hands in dirt when prostrating themselves in honor of their mighty King, who counts his wives by thousands, and places his chief military reliance on hordes of Amazons. More marvellous and connected accounts of the strange polity of his State, have very recently come to the knowledge of the civilized world, however. It is now certain that these miserable beings devote one-half the year to war made on neighboring tribes wholly for the purpose of making prisoners, in order either to enjoy the savage pleasure of putting them to death, or the profit of their sale to the slave merchants, when any are at hand to buy. The King holds his throne by the tenure of the fidelity with which he carries out this custom, and were he to abate it his head would be the forfeit. The other half of the year they dedicate to festivity—dancing, singing, speech-making, firing squibs, and beheading unsaleable prisoners. Everybody, as well as *everything*, in Dahomey, belongs to the King. Thus, all the women are his; and his concurrence is requisite to enable the son to enjoy property in possession of the father, at the death of the latter, while all things are taxed, and all the taxes go to the King. None of his officers are regularly paid except his troubadours, whose sons are entitled to succeed their fathers only when they have by memory, all the legends, tragedies, histories, and tales, which the father was in the habit of repeating. They perform important parts during the half year of rest from war, when they are everywhere holding assemblages for the entertainment [illegible] and female. Eunuchs have charge of the police of the latter, though they are officered by their own sex, who encourage their rank and file to scorn the softer allurements of their nature. They believe themselves to be men, not women; that their nature is changed by the change in their habit of life, and that their mission is either to conquer or die. Such are the Amazons of Dahomey, in whose chastity we may readily confide, on reflecting that the extreme exercise of their fierce passion, or thirst for blood, must necessarily obliterate, *pro rata*, almost all other senses.

The superstitions of this strange people aid greatly in the work of rendering this military force the most effective among the native tribes of Africa. On entering the service, each Amazon is supposed to become instantly a sacred being, on whom the eyes of the traveller may not gaze without committing sacrilege. They are thus in a great measure debarred from joining even in conversation with the opposite sex. When in Gezo's capital, they are lodged within the precincts of the Royal Harem, and when abroad, they share the public honors accorded to wives of the King. Death, instant and terrible, is the penalty of frailty on their part; her head and that of her lover, being the forfeit of an indiscretion.

His Majesty of Dahomey keeps two hundred wives around him constantly. Human skulls and bones form all the ornaments about his tents and palace, except those on the persons of his gaudily attired courtiers and wives. The business of the former is to pronounce his praises. They (all being officers of the court,) are paid only according to the pleasure of the King's bounty to give. All crawl on all-fours when in his presence, and practice the most disgusting ceremonies by way of showing their abject devotion to his authority and person. Rum, of course, is the great enjoyment of such a people, though their laws exact heavy penalties for its abuse. They believe Gezo to be the greatest monarch living, and —— Victoria, of England, next! But I regret that I cannot pursue a description of this extraordinary people, who realize more clearly in their character, habits, tastes, &c., the effects of military despotism upon a nation. But I must rest here.—*Correspondent of National Era.*

ERRONEOUS VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.—"What do you think of marriage?" says the Duchess of Malfy, in Webster's play, and Antonio answers:—

"I take it as those who deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There is no third person in it."

When I was a young and inexperienced in [illegible]

[illegible]

If you have an enemy act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is compelled, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the boy for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts; but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

For the Young.

[illegible]

The Olio.

WEARINESS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Gentle, gentle sisters twain,
I am sad with toil and pain,
Hoping, struggling, all in vain,
And would be with you again.

Sick and weary let me go
To your homestead, old and low,
Where the cool, fresh breezes blow—
There I shall be well, I know.

Violets, gold, and white and blue,
Sprout up sweetly through the dew—
Lilacs now are budding, too—
Oh, I pine to be with you!

I am lonely and unblest—
I am weary, and would rest
Where all things are brightest, best,
In the lovely, lovely West.

JEWS OF JERUSALEM.—It is remarkable that the Jews who are are born in Jerusalem, are of a totally different cast from those we see in Europe. Here they are of a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner. The young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which with their flowing silk robes, give them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress, and although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and richest silks in Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dress in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old Rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw. Her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish.—*Curzon's "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant."*

CONSTANT LOVE.—May you never be so bold, reader, nor so indifferent from any cause, as to look upon lines like these, without something like "young emotion:"

"To look upon the fairy one who stands
Before you with her young hair's shining bands,
And rosy lips half parted; and to gaze—
Not on the features which you now peruse,
Not on the blushing bride, but look beyond
Unto the angel-wife, nor feel less fond;
To keep thee but to one, and let that one
Be to thy home what warmth is to the sun;
And fondly, firmly cling to her, nor fear
The fading touch of each declining year;
This is true love—when it has found a [illegible]

[illegible]

Agricultural.

WILL GOOD FARMING PAY?

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

[illegible]